

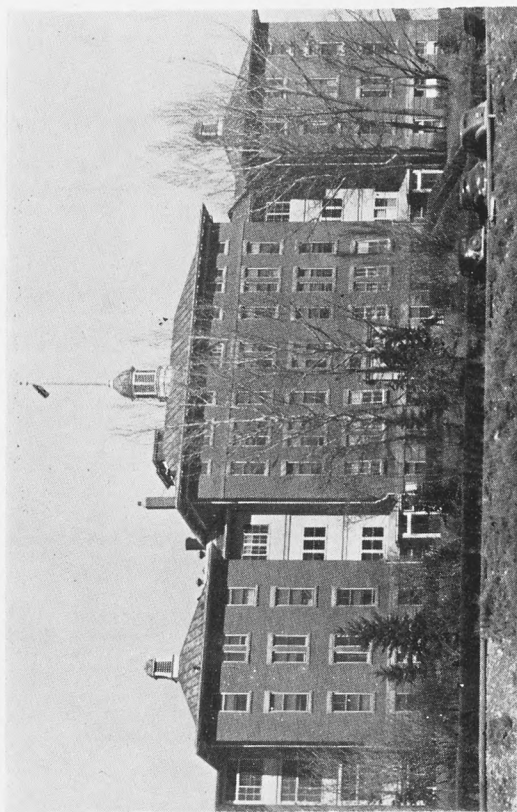


IN CAP AND UNIFORM 1941

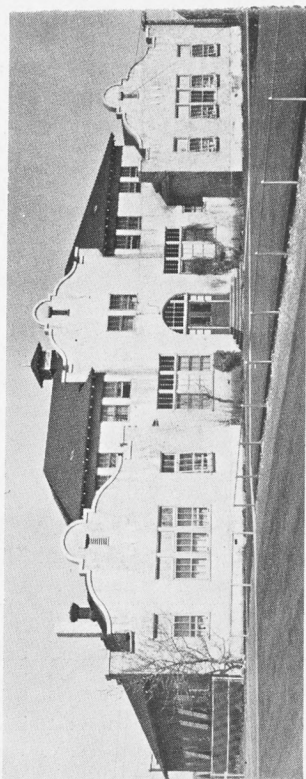


Calgary General Hospital
Calgary, Alberta

COVER AND PLATES BY MARGARET TAYLOR
CALGARY GENERAL HOSPITAL



THE CALGARY GENERAL HOSPITAL



NURSES' HOME—A BLOCK



TO THE GRADUATING CLASS OF 1941

It is with the greatest of pleasure I extend to the young ladies of the '41 class the sincere congratulations and well wishes of the City of Calgary.

The Calgary General Hospital Training School over a period of years has enjoyed a very enviable reputation. Many of its graduates are today occupying important positions in leading hospitals not only in Canada but in the United States as well.

This speaks well, not only for the standard of training carried on in our School, but also for the type of students enrolled. I am sure that the 1941 class will live up to the record set by its predecessors and that many of the nurses who will receive their diplomas this year will make contributions to one of the most important of our professions equally as outstanding and worth while.

It is my personal hope that all the graduates will be blessed in the days to come with health, happiness and prosperity, and that they will be able to look back upon the time spent in our Training School with pleasure and satisfaction.

Sincerely yours,

ANDREW DAVISON,

Mayor.



TO THE GRADUATES OF THE 1941 CLASS

Your sky is blue and unclouded to-day as you complete three eventful years of your lives, years which will remain indelibly woven in your memory and which time will not dim nor efface.

Loyal allegiance to your School has characterized your training days, easing the steep climbs and projecting light when the shadows obstructed your vision.

You are facing unusual days. The stress of war brings many changing scenes. Go forth with courage, determined to function with intellectual skill and nobility of womanhood in any capacity you may be destined to serve.

Your records enrolled in the annals of history are a source of pride to your Alma Mater who will follow with keenest interest the success awaiting you as you enter the broader professional sphere and join there that band of noble women—"The Graduate Nurses."

"Not many lives, but only one have we;
One, only one.
How sacred should that one life ever be—
Day after day filled up with blessed toil,
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil!"

My affectionate good wishes go with you.

Faithfully yours,
SARA S. MACDONALD, R.N.,
Superintendent of Nurses.



TO THE MEMBERS OF THE 1941 GRADUATING CLASS

Another year has all too quickly passed and I am wondering what new thought can be expressed in suitable words for publication in your Year Book. What thought and word would adequately describe the ideals with which each of you started to train for membership in the nursing profession, the disillusionments of the last three years, the experience gained in the theories, practice and ethics of your profession, the knowledge of human nature in its many varying and sometimes disappointing moods which is now yours, all the hopes and aspirations, the disappointments and accomplishments of these student years. I fear I can do none other than fall back upon that which has often been said before, and that is to hope that in the future your worthwhile hopes will be realized, that each life may be one of useful endeavour to the community in which it lives and serves, and that the rewards obtained are those you desire, deserve, and can best enjoy, the enjoyment of which will harm none but benefit all.

May success attend each of you in the years to come. Your Hospital and Training School are proud of its graduates and of the contribution they are especially trained to make towards the benefit of suffering humanity.

J. BARNES,

Manager.



TO THE GRADUATING CLASS OF 1941

Three short study years have been devoted to your training, three years during which it is to be fervently hoped that each one of you has profited by the lessons you have learned, and which are to be found between the covers of the text book. Of far more moment has been your opportunity, and here I may say your privilege, to round out your characters as the result of your close association with the sick-bed, and make you more appreciative of those human traits inseparable from women since the dawn of time. To no other profession is this opportunity given.

It is difficult to foretell what your experience in the field of practical endeavour is to be, or what contribution any one of you may be responsible for, but this as it may be, for in leaving your Alma Mater, you can do so with the assurance that she is proud of her graduates, and satisfied that they will measure up to any occasion that may arise.

The class will be missed from the wards. Farewells of this sort are annual in their occurrence, and it may be supposed are treated as matters in passing. Such you each know to be wrong. Your graduation ushers in the time for remembrances, and you will each recall much that endears your school to you as time goes by, and you can rest assured that your school will have equally pleasurable recollections of your mutual associations.

Nothing more remains for me to say personally, beyond best wishes for your future, may "Good Luck", "Much Happiness", and "God's Blessing" attend your every effort towards any goal.

W. H. HILL, B.A., M.D., C.M., D.P.H.,

Medical Superintendent.

VALEDICTORY

FAREWELL? Surely not three years since we first stepped timidly into these corridors! How swiftly time flies. We have reached a turning point in life, where we shall be obliged to shoulder our own responsibility; where we shall be expected to face the realities of life without flinching, and prove ourselves worthy of our Alma Mater.

In our brief stay we have acquired knowledge and experience—its worth lies in our application of it. Perhaps never before has a graduating class faced a world so filled with discordant notes, of suffering, agony and war. Let us never fail the high ideals which have been set before us. To some perhaps our Graduation is but an incident, to others it means that the entrance to greater fields of endeavour has been reached, and it is the latter who will at some later date bring fame to the school which has meant so much to us.

Of the future, who can know exactly? On this, the eve of the biggest event of our lives to date, Graduation, it is our hope that all of us will be worthy of the tasks which lie ahead.

"Ideals are like the stars—we never reach them but like the mariners on the sea, we chart our course by them."

—E. BLACKWOOD.



Miss H. Clark

CLASS ORGANIZATION

Honorary President	Miss S. S. Macdonald, R.N.
President	Miss H. Clark
Vice-President	Miss E. Blackwood
Secretary-Treasurer	Miss J. Farewell

ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE

Miss M. Donnelly	Convener
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ADJUSTMENT COMMITTEE

Miss B. Deeg	Convener
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SICK COMMITTEE

Miss N. Richmond	Convener
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CLASS MOTTO:

GRADATIM—"Step by Step."

YEAR BOOK STAFF



Editor	E. Blackwood
Literary Editor	J. Farewell
Advertising Editor	T. Koehler
Business Manager	R. Cann
Intermediate Representatives	S. Mackay, H. Freebairn
Junior Representatives	M. Shaw, N. McFarland



Birmingham
& Cleveland
Nurses

THE STAFF

MISS SARA S. MACDONALD	Superintendent of Nurses
MISS A. HEBERT, R.N.	Assistant Superintendent of Nurses
MISS J. A. CONNAL, R.N.	Instructress
MISS I. AULD, R.N.	Assistant Instructress
MISS M. G. COX, R.N.	Night Supervisor
MISS L. SHANTZ, R.N.	Assistant Night Supervisor
MISS M. MacDONALD, R.N.	Supervisor of 4th Floor
MISS M. HOOPER, R.N.	Assistant Supervisor of 4th Floor
MISS H. WHALE, R.N.	Supervisor of 3 W
MISS R. NOVIS, R.N.	Supervisor of 3 E
MISS B. J. VON GRUENIGEN, R.N.	Supervisor of 2 E
MISS E. CORBETT, R.N.	Supervisor of 1 W and 2 W
MISS I. MATHESON, R.N.	Supervisor of Maternity
MISS B. MacKAY, R.N.	Supervisor, Operating Room
MISS J. ANDERSON, R.N.	Assistant Supervisor, Operating Room
MISS E. BATTRUM, R.N.	Assistant Supervisor, Operating Room
MISS N. BAKER, R.N.	Assistant Supervisor, Operating Room
MISS H. SACKVILLE, B. Sc.	Dietician
MISS M. AIKENHEAD, B. Sc.	Assistant Dietician
MISS A. B. CASEY, R.N.	Home Director
MISS D. CANNON, R.N.	Assistant Home Director
MISS A. CAMPBELL, R.N.	Superintendent, Isolation Hospital
MISS E. RANDALL, R.N.	Assistant Superintendent, Isolation Hospital
MISS B. BLAIR	Night Supervisor, Isolation Hospital

The Florence Nightingale
Pledge

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I SOLEMNLY pledge myself before God and in the presence of this assembly to pass my life in purity and to practice my profession faithfully. I will abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous and will not take or knowingly administer any harmful drug.

I will do all in my power to maintain and elevate the standard of my profession, and will hold in confidence all personal matters committed to my keeping, and all family affairs coming to my knowledge in the practice of my calling.

With loyalty will I endeavor to aid the physician in his work and devote myself to the welfare of those committed to my care.



SENIORS



MISS DOREEN BRADLEY



MISS HELEN CLARK



MISS BERTHA DEEG



MISS MILDRED DONNELLY



MISS ERICA GIFFORD



MISS MINOTA LUXTON



MISS MURDENA MCGREGOR



MISS MONA McKEAGUE



MISS GERTRUDE PATTON



MISS NANCY RICHMOND



MISS BETTY SNOW



MISS DORIS WOODFIN



MISS MURIEL WRIGHT



MISS DORIS BENSON



MISS ELEANOR BLACKWOOD



MISS ROSE CANN



MISS ANN DAVIES

MISS RUTH DICKEY

MISS JEAN FAREWELL

MISS BARBARA FORD



MISS MARGARET HOOPER



MISS MARGARET HUTCHISON



MISS THERESA KOEHLER



MISS LOIS ODELL



MISS BERNICE OFSTEDAHL



MISS CHRISTINE SNOWDEN



MISS VIRGINIA TAYLOR



MISS HELEN TESKEY



MISS VIOLA TUFF



Our Ponoka Affiliates

MISS ALMA ALBERS

MISS BETTY ROBERTSON

MISS VERA WHITE

Name	Admitted	Transferred	Diagnosis	Complications	Discharged	Prognosis
D. Bradley	Laughing into Calgary	Happily to C.G.H.	Impulsivitis	Keeping a uniform clean.	Still drinking Pepsi-cola.	Public Health.
H. Clark	A wee mite to Calgary	Across to "B" Block	Mischievitis	Presidential worries.	A proud aunt.	Specialling.
B. Deeg	Bounced into Lyalta	Definitely to here	Argumentitis	Being "off" when her family came in.	Without an appendix.	P. G. at Ponoka.
M. Donnelly	Started right here.	From Brandon to Carstairs, back here again.	Poetical	Trying to remember tunes.	Keeping track of the navy.	Back to Brandon.
E. Gifford	Skipped into Calgary.	Quietly to "B"	Book-worm.	Keeping track of phone calls.	Cheerfully.	Hospital Work.
M. Luxton	Skated into Banff.	Down the mountain to join us.	Moonstruck.	Wishful thinking.	Still unpredictable.	Specialling.
M. McGregor	Big-eyed to Calgary.	Came "in" with the '39 Probies.	L'amour.	Air-Mail.	Happily.	Matrimony.
M. McKeague	Unconcerned to High River.	Northward to C.G.H.	Loves animals and radios.	Keeping track of things: e.g., Registration Card	Still unconcerned.	Remaining in Calgary.
G. Patton	Quietly to Calgary.	Inconspicuously to the Hospital.	Conservative.	Martin	Dreamily.	Housekeeping.
N. Richmond	Somewhere in B.C.	From Canmore to Calgary.	Being Pleasant.	P.M.-ing in order to meet her mother.	Agreeably.	Travelling.
B. Snow	Sparkling to Innisfail.	Enthusiastically to the Hospital.	Giggilitis.	Being ready to go anywhere.	Sans tonsils.	Air Force Military Service.

Name	Admitted	Transferred	Diagnosis	Complications	Discharged	Prognosis
D. Woodfin	Decidedly to Sask.	Early to Calgary.	Determinosis.	Getting enough sleep.	Efficiently.	Isn't sure.
M. Wright	Singing into Redvers, Sask.	Musically to Alberta.	Hay Fever.	Keeping black stockings whole.	Still sneezing.	Indefinite.
Name	Admitted	Complaints	Diagnosis	Complications	Progress	Prognosis
D. Benson	Laughingly from Nanton.	Keeping us as tidy as she is.	Bookitis.	Gathering money for the Book of the Month.	As fast as her feet will take her.	Specialling.
E. Blackwood	Serenely from Calgary.	Bell rings too early.	Glamouritis.	Changing her hair style.	Getting Dickey to change her hair.	War nurse.
R. Cann	Windswept from Gull Lake, Sask.	No time to sleep.	Mailitis.	Getting her finger in the way.	Got her man.	Matrimony.
A. Davies	Down the mountain from Luscar.	Financially embarrassed.	Pianoitis.	Getting her light out before 11 p.m.	An able yodeller.	Obstetrics.
R. Dickey	Shyly from Blackie.	Being called Miss Blackwood.	Readitis.	Getting off when her folks come.	Losing weight.	X-Ray work.
J. Farewell	Dreamily from Blackfalds.	No time for rhyming.	Keeping up with the latest dance steps.	Staying awake in class.	High marks.	Air Stewardess.
B. Ford	Determinedly to Calgary.	10.30 too soon to stop studying.	Studyitis.	Finding enough to read.	Getting her overseas mail.	Public Health.
M. Hooper	On the run from Calgary.	Not enough time for sewing.	Worryitis.	Getting her clothes made in time.	Keeping track of George W.	Orthopaedic Nurse.

Name	Admitted	Complaints	Diagnosis	Complications	Progress	Prognosis
M. Hutchison	Worriedly from Cochrane.	Not enough sleep.	Acute consciencitis.	Getting up on time.	Getting home every other week.	Specialling.
T. Koehler	Late from Claresholm.	Not enough Gauze Room training.	Telephonitis.	Keeping four men going at once.	At last out of the Gauze Room.	P. G. at Ponoka.
L. Odell	Quietly from Calgary.	Having to get up so early.	The latest styles.	Getting in before 10 p.m.	With Koehler in the Gauze Room.	Office Nurse.
B. Ofstedahl	From P-i-a-p-o-t	Too little time to sleep.	Manitis.	Sleeping in class.	Out every night.	Specialling.
C. Snowden	From Calgary	Getting weighed every Wed.	Fishitis.	Feeding the fish.	Managed to kill off two.	Specialling.
V. Taylor	Definitely from Gleichen.	Her feet.	Laughitis.	Becoming an aunt.	Still able to smile.	Hospital work
H. Teskey	From Claresholm.	10 o'clock is too, too early.	Homitis.	Being off when Frank comes.	Rapid.	Matrimony.
V. Tuff	In a hurry.	Too many puns on her name.	Dave.	Catching the street car in 3 minutes.	Still just as fast.	Matrimony.
A. Albers	Meeting Creek.	Can't find the perfect murder.	Appendicitis.	Measles: adhesive.	Using bigger and better words.	Nursing at Yellowknife.
B. Robertson	Camrose.	Dry Toast.	Cussitis.	How to use her late leave.	A man hater.	Anything but matrimony.
V. White	Lougheed.	Rehearsals in the sitting room.	Stubbornitis.	Studying.	Keeping track of the Air Force.	Physiatry.



A LETTER TO MISS MURPHY FROM HER STUDENTS

Dear Miss Murphy:

As many of us have graduated and a few are still in training, we one and all appreciate in the fullest sense of the word your perseverance and patience in teaching us our operating room technique. Under your inspiring leadership we seemed endowed with a greater ability than we possessed. And lastly we shall always remember with gratitude your kindly wisdom in dealing with our problems.

Very affectionately,

YOUR STUDENTS



THE HOME MATRONS

As we leave the familiar place that we have called home for the past three years we take with us pleasant memories of the two ladies who helped make our stay an enjoyable one. We would like to express our appreciation of their care and for the thousands of small thoughtfulnesses, for looking after our mail, our phone calls, lost laundry, and sore throats.

For our many misdeeds we beg pardon, and hope for their sakes that our successors keep tidier rooms, get to class on time, have their lights out punctually at 10.30, and sign for their own late leaves.

Thank you, Miss Casey and Miss Cannon. We'll always remember you!

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION

We would like here to register to the doctors of our staff our sincere appreciation of their unfailing interest during our three years of training.

Particularly would we thank those of the staff who have, through their lectures, given freely of their time and knowledge to enable us to lay a solid foundation to our nursing career.

Anatomy and Physiology	Dr. H. Inksater
Materia Medica	Dr. McLean
General Medicine	Dr. R. R. Hughes
Anaesthesia	Dr. W. Saunders
Gynaecology	Dr. W. A. Lincoln
Surgery	Dr. I. H. Brodie
Communicable, Nervous and Mental Diseases	Dr. G. D. Stanley
Obstetrics	Dr. Fisher
Psychiatry and Neurology	Dr. I. H. Brodie
Pediatrics	Dr. E. B. Roach
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat	Dr. A. Fettes
Public Health	Dr. W. H. Hill
Orthopaedic Surgery	Dr. G. Townsend
First Aid—Theory	Col. J. Reid
First Aid—Practical	Mr. Starr, Sgt. Buchanan
Tumors	Dr. McGuffin
Urology	Dr. J. E. Palmer

We also appreciate the following lectures for which we here express our gratitude:

Dietetics	Miss Sackville and Miss Aikenhead
Operating Room Technique	Miss J. Murphy
Massage	Miss Spreckley

IN APPRECIATION

We greatly appreciate the interest extended to our school by the Calgary Hospital Board. With grateful thanks we wish to acknowledge the contributions made for our social functions from time to time.

MEMBERS OF THE CALGARY HOSPITAL BOARD,

— 1941 —

Mr. S. H. Adams (Chairman)	1340 16a St. N.W.
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Alderman F. R. Freeze	229 8th Ave. West
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Mrs. A. Gunn	856 Hillcrest Ave.
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Mr. W. Little	209 19th Ave. N.E.
Mr. J. E. Worsley	1006 18th Ave. East

CALGARY GENERAL HOSPITAL

GRADUATING CLASS, 1940

Name	Address
Miss Ethel Anderson	Mrs. Drummond, Lewiston, Idaho
Miss Muriel Barnes	Staff, The Calgary General Hospital
Miss Eunice Caddick	Staff, The Wetaskiwin Hospital
Miss Frances Cole	Staff, The Vulcan Hospital
Miss Phyllis Craig	Staff, The Didsbury Hospital
Miss Ruth Farnsworth	Staff, The Wetaskiwin Hospital
Miss Ann Gold	Staff, The Claresholm Hospital
Miss Ruth Harper	Staff, The Calgary General Hospital
Miss Viola Metheral	Staff, The Royal Alexandra Hospital
Miss Kathleen Moore	Staff, The Calgary General Hospital
Miss Christable Nelson	Staff, The Payette Hospital, Idaho
Miss Margaret Newborn	Staff, The Central Alberta Sanatorium
Miss Margaret Ogilvie	Dr. Harvey's Office, Olds, Alberta
Miss Mary Pattison	Staff, Summerland Hospital, B.C.
Miss Viola Polley	Staff, The Kootenay Lake General Hospital, Nelson, B.C.
Miss Elspeth Rae	Private Duty, Calgary
Miss Pearl Rois	Staff, The Drumheller Hospital
Miss Marjorie Young	Staff, The Cardston Hospital
Miss Norma Bass	Private Duty, Calgary
Miss Louise Bucklee	Private Duty, Calgary
Miss Edna Burwash	Staff, The Calgary General Hospital
Miss Frances Carlson	Staff, The White Hospital, Lewiston, Idaho
Miss Jennie Cozick	Private Duty, Calgary
Miss Gwen Davies	Staff, The Maple Creek Hospital, Maple Creek
Miss Joan Dawson	X-Ray Dept., The Calgary General Hospital
Miss Jean Giles	Staff, The Calgary General Hospital
Miss Muriel Goode	Staff, The Carmangay Hospital
Miss Phyllis Hairsine	X-Ray Dept., The Calgary General Hospital
Miss Verona Hayes	Private Duty, Calgary
Miss Stella Hodgson	Public Health, Lomond, Alberta
Miss Doris Hunter	Mrs. McClune, Ottawa, Ontario
Miss Helen McPherson	Staff, Tranquille Sanatorium, B.C.
Miss Phyllis Neame	Staff, The Calgary General Hospital
Miss Cecelia Rose	Office Nurse, Associated Clinic, Calgary
Miss Gweneth Taylor	Staff, The Claresholm Hospital
Miss Jean Thomson	Staff, The White Hospital, Lewiston, Idaho
Miss Marg. Williamson	Staff, General Hospital, Kelowna, B.C.
Miss Rose Zurawel	Staff, Olds, Hospital, Olds, Alberta

GRADUATION

On the evening of May 1st, 1941, twenty-nine young women in white took the pledge of Florence Nightingale and vowed to follow in her path. The Graduating Class of the Calgary General Hospital held in their hands red and yellow roses, symbols of love and service. The white of their uniforms illuminated the radiant beauty of their faces and on their heads rested the caps with the long-sought black bands.

To them Dr. Lola McLatchie spoke in unforgettable words giving them the courage to keep on climbing on their own circular staircase. And may they never forget Dean Ragg's message to them: "Service is the rent we pay for our room on earth. Let us always keep our room rent paid."

Telegrams of congratulation were read by the chairman, Mr. Adams. Included in these was one from our Overseas Nursing Sisters, Miss Bibby, Miss Hodgson and Miss England.

On the platform were Mr. S. H. Adams, K.C.; Very Rev. H. R. Ragg, Dean of Calgary; Mayor Andrew Davison; Dr. Lola McLatchie; Miss S. S. Macdonald, R.N.; Miss A. Hebert, R.N.; Miss J. A. Connal, R.N.; Dr. W. H. Hill, and Rev. A. Bright. Mayor Davison, assisted by Miss Macdonald, presented pins, diplomas, medals and scholarships.

We are tremendously proud of our classmates who carried off the honors. Miss Margaret Hutchison was awarded the gold medal for general proficiency, Miss Rose Cann the silver medal for proficiency and Miss Muriel Wright the scholarship for highest theoretical standing. Two additional prizes were offered this year. The surgical kit donated by the Alumnae Association of the C.G.H. for proficiency in surgical technique was won by Miss Helen Clark, and the Pattison Memorial Medal for proficiency in Obstetrical nursing donated by Miss Mary Pattison Class of 1940 being awarded to Miss Nancy Richmond.

Following the graduation a reception and dance was held at Penley's Academy.

It was a memorable evening and leaves us with scores of wonderful memories.



THE ALUMNAE BANQUET

"To you—we throw the torch
Be yours to hold it high."

As we, the twenty-nine new graduates of the Calgary General Hospital, were given the brightly burning candles from our Big Sisters, we were conscious of a great responsibility. The kindly welcome extended to us seemed to draw us into a fellowship, not only including our own alumnae, but nurses everywhere. It was with joy and not a little awe that we eagerly responded to that welcome.

We wish to thank the alumnae, with all sincerity, for a very enjoyable and stimulating evening. It will always remain a momentous occasion in our memories.

It is our earnest wish as we join your ranks that we may carry as proudly as you who go before, the title of Graduate of the Calgary General Hospital.

ADDRESS TO THE GRADUATING CLASS OF CALGARY GENERAL HOSPITAL, 1941

Highlights of the Address to the Graduates by Dr. Lolo McLatchie.

You are all familiar with the scientific approach to any problem: linking the Known to the Unknown. Well, then, how much do you know about a CIRCULAR STAIRCASE? How does it differ from any ordinary stairway? If you had your choice, which stair would you climb?

To me a circular staircase is a most intriguing structure. It varies from the ordinary house stair to a broad public thoroughfare over which folks pass freely up and down. Interesting bits of gossip are exchanged along the way. One may pause to look backward, down over the numbers of human beings, each one intent on his or her own affairs. The steps may be broad and relatively easy to climb. Frequently there is a guiding rail down the middle of the stair, indicating that there is a descending route. This type of stair is never found in a very tall building. This broad stair may be said to be a lazy man's path to what he desires in life.

But a circular stair puts you on your mettle from the very bottom step. It has a staunch, compact foundation. It occupies a narrow shaft, leading straight upward. It just acts as if it knew its own business, it couldn't be persuaded to meander aside. It just oozes purpose. Its steps are steep and narrow, no room for loitering. Usually they are constructed of very solid material: stone, cement, steel; they are for use, they are not very ornamental. As a rule, a circular staircase has just sufficient light to guide the climber. The walls are bare, not hung with masterpieces. There are many exits and entrances from this stair, each plainly labelled so that no one need waste time branching off on the wrong floor.

Climbing is much more difficult on a circular stair. For the most part, the climbers are ascending, with eyes uplifted. There are few companions, as the individual above is just out of sight around the curve of the shaft. One hears the climber on the steps behind, but it is not easy to look back and down. The climb is steep, it is not easy.

When you think of it, LIFE is curiously like a staircase, on which we as individuals are the climbers. Some folks are privileged to pass along through life with seemingly little effort; up the broad, easy staircase. But you, of the Graduating Class tonight, I know which stair you have been climbing.

In closing, I speak for every member of the Medical Staff of the Calgary General Hospital. One and all we wish you Success and Best of Luck as you travel ever on and upward in YOUR particular staircase of the Future.

PARTIES

The thing to do when you are in training, and things get boring, is to have a party, and a good many enjoyable ones we have had during the last three years. Theatre parties, hikes, kids' parties, masquerades—anything you could wish.

We would like to extend our appreciation to Mrs. Clark, Mrs. MacGregor, Mrs. Bradley, Mrs. Patton, Mrs. Gifford, Mrs. Newstead, Mrs. Tuff, Mrs. Ford for their kind hospitality and delightful times we had at their homes. We hope they didn't count the number of those delicious sandwiches and pieces of cake we ate!

And of course special thanks go to the Intermediate Class for the most enjoyable Christmas party they gave us at Penley's Academy. We had a wonderful time and have been proudly wearing their gift pins ever since. Thanks a million, girls, and we hope you have as much fun next year.



HEARD AND OVERHEARD

1. Who's got the keys?
2. I'm P.M.-ing with two classes!!!
3. Well, I'm sorry Jack, but I just got off this second—
4. Who took my cape?
5. Don't forget to strip your bed.
6. What time are you off?
7. Will you hold the phone for me?
8. Has anyone seen my scissors?
9. Are the trays in yet?
10. Save the tub for me.
11. Who's going to supper?
12. Please write down ALL phone messages!
13. Answer those bells!
14. Have you got a late leave?
15. Is the mail in?
16. Who's got a gold brooch? Gold brooch?
17. The car's gone up!
18. Is anyone going to the store?
19. How far are the charts?
20. Hello five!!!
21. Did anyone list those clothes?
22. Gee—I should study—
23. Are you using your curlers tonight?
24. Gosh—I could sleep for a week!
25. Get scrubbed stat!
26. How many ops are booked?
27. Who's watching pain bells?
28. Do my feet hurt!

ISOLATION

"Do you wish to take your Isolation training?"

"Yes, please, Miss Macdonald."

"Very well. You will report at the Isolation Hospital at 10 p.m. tonight. Apply carefully the protective technique Miss Campbell will teach you."

We pack our things and off we go to Isolation. This great three-bedded room with the gloom hovering outside the windows is our home for the next two months. Our co-worker is apparently late-leaving, and in a shivering solitude we seek our bed. It is quite comforting to be welcomed by two fat pillows and a wide mattress. It is some time before sleep finally lays tentative fingers upon your brow, but at last it takes firm hold.

We are not disturbed by a rising bell in the early morning, but by the voice of the Night Supervisor who announces in a definite tone: "Are you all awake? It is time to get up."

The meals served are most attractive and of appetizing variety. We enjoy them to the full and after all we have to keep up our resistance so at each meal we eat as long as it is humanly possible to do so.

The daily work is mainly a round of hourly forced fluids and temperature sponges, as the night nurses in the wee small hours of the morning bath the patients. During the first few days we unwittingly make ourselves most unpopular with the kitchen staff by forgetting to dash at the first rumble of the lift to hook it in place. For unlike the General lifts, the Isolation lift has not the happy faculty of retaining its status quo when one stops pulling. It either stages a precipitate return to its home in the basement or has to be held there by the cook, who becomes very irate and gets dust in his eyes as he peers up the shaft.

Picture the patient! He is met at the door by a purposeful creature in cap and gown and thrown into a bathtub, at the same time receiving a vigorous shampoo. Feeling like a drowned rat he crawls into bed and, presto, the purposeful creature is back again, this time with an over-generous dose of cascara, and an ample portion of salt-water gargle. While martialling his forces to meet this unpleasant combination he is attacked from a different angle. He receives his serum, forcibly, intra-muscular into the leg. So now the cure is started and he is practically on the road to health. Of course his leg does get unbearably painful and his temperature shoots sky-high for a couple of days. And then for a week he receives nothing but milk and water which is faithfully brought to him every hour. During the next week, however, a cup of soup at noon and at suppertime is added to his menu. By this time he feels definitely soggy, and it is with a delirious joy that he greets the addition of bread and desert to his diet during the third week. The fourth week is memorable, because not only does he get a light diet complete with fish and vegetables (at suppertime only this is) but he is also getting up to go to the bathroom. He almost gets to like the place. Of course he is allowed no visitors; he cannot smoke, or write letters, or even read for the first few days. He must gargle q. 4h. night and day whether he wants to or not. He must drink a cup of milk or water which he doesn't in the least want, every hour during the day, and he is rudely awakened at approximately three every morning to be sponged.

We come away from Isolation at the termination of two months with the full assurance that we have received a splendid training in communicable diseases and with happy memories of Miss Campbell and her Supervising Staff.



!INTERMED!ATES

INTERMEDIATES

- C. BIRD—"Dickie"—our vivacious class senior, who sports such bewitching curls.
- R. DEMETROVITIS—"Rosie"—Oscar's girl friend. Our danseuse and entertainer in absence of our lecturers.
- C. DOULL—"Chris"—Irrepressable sense of humor, contagious giggle, wide, blue, guileless eyes that are deceptive.
- H. GRAY—Our Scotch "Nellie." Her blushes don't mean a thing. She's an incorrigible flirt.
- W. GRAY—Lives by the clock. Never wastes a minute and studies with her legs elevated at right-angles to her body.
- C. HICKS—"Corky" Bristles with executive ability. Our Glee Club leader.
- H. HOOD—"Buck" That cough, that smile, that appendix. We love them all.
- J. HOWATSON—"Howie." Just try to ruffle her. It's impossible. "Say, have you got the paper?"
- E. MILLAR—Bathtub warbler. Thank goodness she can sing.
- M. MILNES—Funny such a short girl should pick such a long boy-friend. "Excuse me—but you look just like Margie."
- S. MacKAY—"Say, have you heard this one?" Sunshine of fourth ward. Eats liquorice plugs and drinks Pepsi-cola.
- M. O'NEIL—The reason why R1177 is always busy. Gerty the gauze-room gal.
- M. BOTHWELL—Call her "Peg"—the magazine worm who'd rather read than gossip any day.
- M. BOX—"Ten Bells"—"Where's Miss Box?"—"Sh-h, in Remackel's—it's the news!" She's our lovable, fussable school teacher.
- J. COWAN—Little Jess the fireman's daughter, learning how to "save my child." Homesteads out yonder nigh "Spruce Cliff."
- R. DEYELL—Our happy "strawberry blonde" who's spent more time in hospital than on duty. But she always comes out smiling.
- A. FINELL—Quiet and conscientious—the true nurse, but some day she'll be giving it all up for that hope chest she slaves over.
- A. FREEBAIRN—Our poet from Pincher Creek. She has beautiful blonde curls and will make a wonderful nurse.
- R. GREMM—If you hear her hearty laugh some night, stop and enjoy it for it is the one night in the year she may be in.
- M. INNES—The strong, silent type who, among the millions of others, hails from the now famous Rosetown.
- G. LAING—Reformed at last—a dressing gown! But it doesn't see much night life for at the count of ten Genevieve is unconscious.
- M. LISSON—Our blue-eyed flirt who's always on the tear. Her favorite sports are jitterbugging, skating and men.
- D. McLEOD—Noisy slippers and screaming pyjamas. Here comes our Pres., Mac, who loves a joke, but just wait till you hear her tell one!
- B. MURRAY—Although Betty is practising "Home on the Range" for future days, this dimpled Scot still thinks "Home of Mine" is a mighty sweet song.

INTERMEDIATES—Continued.

- K. NEWBERY—For Pete's sake she's a beautiful redhead, but Kay is too easy going to have the temperament to go with the hair.
- I. OLSEN—"Ollie" is our blonde Swede who gets a big kick out of everything and is always broke about the day after pay day.
- D. PEARSON—Just one big surprise after another, is this sophisticated gal who's the "life" of the class and the "death" of any long-winded lecturer.
- M. PIERCE—"Piercie" is as musical as a canary, and as timid, on some floors.
- M. REED—Who will take or make any joke about her plumpness, and has a new hair do for each of the 365 days of the year.
- V. REMACKEL—The essence of happiness and sunshine, but why, oh why, must she always express herself in Springtime warbles?
- V. RIDGWAY—The little 'un, who is a frank person, and loves a "Frank" person in return.
- E. SIMPSON—The only girl who goes to bed at 8 bells Sat. night with no regrets. No wonder, her dreams all come true.
- A. TOMLINSON—Shy and quiet. Tommy is the only girl in our class who can do the Australian crawl without looking silly.



FROM THE GAUZE ROOM

This is the gauze room—here we recuperate—
Peace from the maelstrom—here we can meditate.
Blessed this harbor, our avon of leisure,
One requires but an ailment to merit its pleasure.

This is the gauze room—you've never been here?
Well really now—that does seem queer!
You mean you've never had vertigo, singultus, or syncope,
Hyperchlorhydria, Dysphagia, or Dystrophy?

This is the gauze room—here's wool in your hair,
Fluff in your nostrils—dust in the air.
Here's guilt on your conscience—it doesn't seem right
To sit down for so long, on unearned delight.

Oh, it's good to sit here, just yawning and moping,
Lulled by a monotony, soothing and doping;
No hustle, no bustle, no peremptory commands,
No back rubbing, feet scrubbing or unreasonable demands.

But we mustn't be prejudiced—it isn't Utopia—
Soon one has prickitis, scalitis, and diplopia,
And desperately longs for something that's new—
In fact, the gauze room's chief asset, we swear, is the view.

—S. MacKay.

PROBIE'S PLEDGE

To do thy will I this do pledge,
 To answer bells I will not hedge;
 Scrub slimy basins, clean the doors,
 Dunk all the teeth, and wash the floors;
 Carry out trays, and bring them in—
 Cater to all their every whim.
 Turn my back on the wiles of men,
 Get off at nine and in at ten.
 The patients' secrets I'll never tell,
 I'll trim their toe-nails and douche them well;
 And never get mad when patients say
 "Send me a nurse, and don't delay."
 When the good doctor comes round to the desk,
 I'll walk up to him and stick out my chest,
 Good morning old pal, he's had a good night
 Temperature normal, the pulse is alright.
 And when he cries: "Nurse, bring me a tray,"
 I'll never say: "Senior, just for today."



NIGHT NURSE

She keeps her lonely vigil through the dark and dreary night—
 Alert and silent, watching—in the shaded candlelight.
 Her presence is a blessing, for she's ready to perform
 The little tasks that make the patient comfortable and warm.
 Kind, sensible and capable, and quiet as a mouse,
 She brings a sense of peace and comfort to the troubled house;
 For we can go to bed and sleep, and know that she is there,
 Content to leave our loved one to her wise and tender care.
 God be with these good women as they watch the long night through
 And may they be rewarded for the splendid work they do.

—A Patient.



NIGHT DUTY

or How I Became a First Nighter.

I hear a low moan, and a faint, feeble call;
 I tremble with fear as I speed down the hall.
 I turn in the doorway, and there in the gloom,
 The stillness of death is pervading the room.
 I run to the bedside and touch the still form—
 I make the discovery the lady's still warm.
 As I gaze down in horror with hands on my cheek,
 The corpse gives a shudder, and suddenly speaks—
 A voice like a knife has the rich Mrs. Potter,
 "Oh, nurse, will you bring me a glass of ice-water?"



JUN!ORS

JUNIORS

- J. BERRY**—Our class senior and we couldn't find a better one.
- D. COLGAN**—One of our most studious members. Doesn't say much but knows a lot.
- R. CURTIS**—Our "jitterbug," and she does it even after a hard day's work.
- M. FITZSIMMONS**—"Fitzie's" sweet smile is really something to write home about.
- M. GILBERT**—Taits' side-kick. The girl with the lovely eyes.
- M. GRAHAM**—One whom we are missing very much and we hope she will be back real soon.
- J. KIDD**—Kidd's theme song—"I'm Irish and I'm proud of it."
- M. KING**—A new and nice addition to our class last February.
- A. MOEN**—When the cat's away the mice will play, and with Moen around we know who to blame.
- D. MONCK**—Talk about old woman in the shoe. Doris has so many boy friends she doesn't know what to do.
- H. McENTEE**—The gal with the ideas, and how she can think them up.
- K. McNEILL**—The Nymph dance is her specialty. Graceful, well, she tries hard.
- N. NEWTON**—Little Newt is our proof that good things are done up in small parcels.
- M. NIELSON**—Worrying at the present moment over a "weighty" problem—Enough—!
- F. PATTISON**—One who takes her work seriously and enjoys doing it.
- H. SEYMOUR**—We spend a lot of time trying to make her smile but she says it just isn't her nature.
- M. SHAW**—The "Sunshine Girl" who really has what it takes.
- M. SINTON**—"Sweet is the word for you." Oh, that hair, and what a sweet smile.
- I. TAIT**—Happy as the day is long. Tait can always find something to be cheerful about.
- A. VALK**—Valk's one hope, "May I never see the Gauze Room again."
- W. VAN VOLKENBERG**—Last but not least. One of the grandest girls in the class.
- P. BEECH**—A nurse who is always punctual.
- V. BOUNDS**—The class's "Popularity Girl."
- F. BREMNER**—"Oh, you kids." Bound's pal.
- G. BUTLER**—Works hard at being a nurse.
- G. COATES**—Our studious nurse.
- J. CRAMER**—The gal who asks the questions.

JUNIORS —Continued.

- J. DOE—A pretty brunette from Lethbridge.
 M. FULLER—Joined us after three years in the Brandon Mental Hospital.
 G. GARDINER—Quiet, but liked by all.
 G. GEESON—Our songstress.
 R. JEWESSON—Always ready to lend a helping hand.
 I. LISTER—Weights all of 98 pounds.
 L. LYNASS—Couldn't do without her.
 A. MILLER—A tall nurse with always a pleasant smile.
 O. McCONNELL—Whose one ambition is to be a good nurse.
 M. McFARLANE—A nurse who blushes very charmingly.
 N. McFARLAND—Nothing is complete without a little bit of Irish.
 J. PORTEOUS—The classes first contribution to the D.K.
 D. SHEETS—"Whiz" of a nurse with plenty of brains.
 W. TREDAWAY—Never nags—never scolds.
 D. WHITE—A heart as big as a gold mine.
 A. WHITLOCK—A demure, quiet little miss.
 E. WOLF—The class chatterbox.
 D. WOLFE—Latest news on foreign affairs brought to you daily by Dorothy.
 T. YUILL—A pretty, blonde nurse.



ORIGINAL RECIPES

From Our Diet Kitchen Experience.

O'Neil—In pineapple-upside-down cake substitute yellow coloring for vanilla.

"This is the most **peculiar** vanilla."

Tomlinson—To make whipped cream rise add a pinch of soda.

Freebairn—Salt instead of sugar in Imperial drink makes a tasty gargle .

W. Gray—Tea cakes are much improved with tea in them.

On at seven, head nurse's command,
Ringing patients and nurses demand,
Down to One, up to Four,
Endless duties on every floor.
Ready at twelve for a cup of tea—
Lease it untasted—an Emergency!
In all the hurry and bustle and din,
Every time they help, it's with a grin.
So thanks

To George and Jerry and Jones and Pat
 And Mansfield and all the rest;
 (Our rhyming isn't good, but our
 Intentions are the best).

Here's luck to you and happy days,
 And as we say adieu—
 We hope that you'll remember us,
 For we'll remember you!

—J.F.

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STUDENT NURSES

April 1, 1938.

Doreen Bradley	1820 15th St. West
Helen Clark	1113 9th St. S.E.
Bertha Deeg	Lyalta, Alberta
Mildred Donnelly	348 3rd St., Brandon, Man.
Erica Gifford	1625 5th St. N.E.
Minota Luxton	Banff, Alberta
Murdena McGregor	2611 14A St. West
Mona McKeague	High River, Alberta
Gertrude Patton	2131 16th St. West
Nancy Richmond	Canmore, Alberta
Betty Snow	Innisfail, Alberta
Doris Woodfin	1517 26th Ave. S.W.
Muriel Wright	Redvers, Sask.

October, 1938.

Doris Benson	Nanton, Alberta
Eleanor Blackwood	1017 13th Ave. West
Rose Cann	Gull Lake, Sask.
Anne Davies	Luscar, Alberta
Ruth Dickey	Blackie, Alberta
Jean Farewell	Blackfalds, Alberta
Barbara Ford	924 15th Ave. West
Margaret Hooper	411 12th Ave. N.E.
Margaret Hutchison	R. R. 2, Cochrane, Alberta
Theresa Koehler	Claresholm, Alberta
Lois Odell	3833 6th St. West
Bernice Ofstedahl	Piapot, Sask.
Christine Snowden	1501 6th St. N.W.
Virginia Taylor	Gleichen, Alberta
Helen Teskey	Claresholm, Alberta
Viola Tuff	217 9A St. N.W.

Ponoka Affiliates.

Alma Albers	Meeting Creek, Alberta
Betty Robertson	Camrose, Alberta
Verna White	Lougheed, Alberta

April, 1939.

Catharine Bird	502 27th Ave. N.W.
Rose Demetrouits	Bassano, Alberta
Christina Doull	223 14th Ave. N.E.
Helen Gray	Unity, Sask.
Winifred Gray	341 Scarboro Avenue
Cora Hicks	1613 11th Ave. West
Helen Hood	1629 32nd Ave. S.W.
Joan Howatson	2136 9th Ave. East
Evelyn Millar	1128 20th Ave. N.W.
Marjorie Milnes	Claresholm, Alberta
Sheila MacKay	809 7th Ave. West
Mildred O'Neil	1609 7th St. N.W.

STUDENT NURSES—Continued.

October, 1939.

Margaret Bothwell	1122 8th Ave. West
Muriel Box	Gravelbourg, Sask.
Jessie Cowan	3506 11th Ave. West
Ruth Deyell	Frobisher, Sask.
Arline Finell	Ponteix, Sask.
Agnes Freebairn	Pincher Creek, Alberta
Ruby Gremm	High River, Alberta
Marie Innes	Rosetown, Sask.
Genevieve Laing	Claresholm, Alberta
Millicent Lisson	311 Underwood Block
Doris McLeod	Banff, Alberta
Elizabeth Murray	940 14th Ave. West
Kaye Newbery	203 Anderson Apartments
Irene Olsen	High River, Alberta
Dorothy Pearson	905 38th Ave. S.W.
Helen May Pierce	Robson, B.C.
Marion Reed	Frobisher, Sask
Violet Remackel	116 6th Ave. N.W.
Verness Ridgway	1325 15th Ave. West
Elizabeth Simpson	209 19th Ave. N.E.
Alice Tomlinson	1006 5th Ave. West

Ponoka Affiliates.

Olive Green	East Coulee, Alberta
June Neville	Camrose, Alberta
Mildred Still	Killam, Alberta
Willene Miller	Delia, Alberta

April, 1940.

Joyce Berry	Brooks, Alberta
Dorothy Colgan	Cochrane, Alberta
Rose Curtis	Innisfail, Alberta
Marguerite Fitzsimmons	Delia, Alberta
Margaret Gilbert	Unity, Sask.
Marjorie Graham	211 9th Ave. N.E.
Jean Kidd	Vandura, Sask.
Marion King	1608 15th Ave. West
Aline Moen	Stewart Valley, Sask.
Doris Monck	1108 4th St. N.E.
Helen McEntee	Brooks, Alberta
Kathleen McNeill	R. R. 4, Calgary
Nina Newton	Dalemead, Alberta
Marion Neilson	1019 13th Ave. West
Florence Pattison	1601 21st Ave. W.
Helen Seymour	523 10th Ave. N.E.
Merle Shaw	228 25th Ave. West
Marjorie Sinton	Airdrie, Alberta
Isabell Tait	Cereal, Alberta
Audrey Valk	527 22nd Ave. West
Winnie Van Volkenburg	822 4th St. N.E.

STUDENT NURSES—Continued.

October, 1940.

Patricia Beech	234 3rd Ave. West
Verna Bounds	Healey Apartments
Florence Bremner	Macleod, Alberta
Gertha Butler	928 5th St. N.W.
Gladys Coates	Cereal, Alberta
Jean Cramer	Claresholm, Alberta
Joyce Doe	411 12th St. B, Lethbridge
Muriel Fuller	Box 420, Brandon, Man.
Gwen Gardiner	2631 1st St. East
Gladys Geeson	Okotoks, Alberta
Rita Jewesson	2135 18th St. West
Irene Lister	208 6th Ave. N.E.
Lilly Lynass	Delburne, Alberta
Aileen Miller	3003 17th St. S.W.
Orpha McConnell	Youngstown, Alberta
Margaret McFarlane	615 1st Ave. N.W.
Norah McFarland	1725 11th St. West
Janet Porteous	3628 Stanley Road
Dorothy Sheets	Viking, Alberta
Winnifred Tredaway	Crossfield, Alberta
Dorothy White	931 15th Ave. West
Estelle Whitlock	Drumheller, Alberta
Eva Wolf	Swift Current, Sask.
Dorothy Wolf	230 5th Ave. N.E.
Thelma Yuill	Swift Current, Sask.

April, 1941.

Leona Archibald	Nanton, Alberta
Lillian Box	Grenfell, Sask.
Evelyn Campbell	112 2nd St. S.W., Medicine Hat
Muriel Carpenter	1225 16th Ave. West
Marjorie Davies	69 4th St. S.W., Medicine Hat
Ethel Dragland	2306 4th St. West
Catherine Giles	1328 8th Ave. East
Helen Hobbs	Ruthelda, Sask.
Deidre Hughes	1835 52nd Ave. S.W.
Alberta Lewis	911 14th St. East
Katherine Little	Beaver Lodge, Alberta
Helen McPherson	Nanton, Alberta
Margaret Pearson	Acme, Alberta
Vivian Redpath	920 4th St. N.E.
Marjorie Rhynes	707 7th Ave. West
Ruth Richardson	Crossfield, Alberta
Dilys Roberts	Elnora, Alberta
Irene Robertson	Box 281, Calgary
Muriel Rockley	207 19th Ave. N.W.
Armanda Toews	Acme, Alberta
Ursula Weston	3301 29th St. S.W.
Catherine Yellowlees	R. R. 1, Crossfield

SPEAKING OF COOKING

Oh, I'd like to be a cook,
 But although I've read the book,
 There are so many things it puzzles me to do.
 Tell me, is it lack of co-relation,
 Or perhaps it is inflation,
 That my omelette resembles Irish stew.
 My pie crusts cut like rubber,
 And my puddings taste like blubber;
 Won't someone tell me, please, wherein the error lies?
 And among other things,
 Should an angel cake have wings?
 That's the only thing I know would make mine rise.
 My friend, you can do the cooking,
 While I stand in wonder, looking
 At your superb salads, fancy cakes and all the rest.
 And I'll stick to making tea,
 That is my capacity,
 And I'll eat your cooking with the greatest zest.
 —J. Farewell.



THE BACTERIOLOGICAL BALL

A gay bacillus, to gain her glory,
 Once gave a ball in a laboratory.
 The fete took place on a cover glass,
 Where vulgar germs could not harass.
 None but the cultured were invited,
 For microbe chicks are well united.
 They closely shut the ballroom doors
 To all the germs containing spores.
 The staphylococci first arrived,
 To stand in groups, they all contrived.
 The diplococci came in view,
 A trifle late, and two by two.
 The streptococci took great pains
 To seat themselves in graceful chains.
 The pneumococci, stern and haughty,
 Declared the gonococci naughty,
 And said they would not come at all
 If the genes were at the ball.
 Each germ enjoyed himself that night
 Without fear of a phagocyte.
 'Twas getting late and some were loaded
 When bang, the formaldehyde exploded!
 And drenched the happy dancing mass
 That swarmed the fated cover glass.
 Not one survived, but perished all,
 At that bacteriological ball.

A NURSE'S EPISTLE

And it came to pass—that at the hour of six in the morn a bell did ring forth, and promptly at fifteen minutes past the hour I did emerge upon a cruel bleak world to come unto a bathroom that had more nurses than sinks. And when my fellow nurses turned and saw what it was they were full of sorrow, and completed their toilette, notwithstanding, whilst I did wait. Then, lest the hour for roll call arrive betimes, I did make haste, but alas, ere I arrived the door was closed, and I am sore afraid, but fell not on my face.

And at the hour of seven there appeared a woman dressed in white, and she spoke unto us a prayer and brought us glad tidings of great changes, and we were delivered from the house of feasting unto the Temple of Cares. Hereupon I obeyed the teachings of my masters, but my transgressions were many.

And upon that day a man came unto me and said, "Show me my son." And I did show a son unto him. But alas, he was not the man I thought him to be. Verily I say unto you he returned to his wife full of wonder and praise. And there was much rejoicing. But when he spoke of the miracle of red hair she rose and smote the bed in wrath, for he knew not his own son. And he turned at once from her and came unto me. And great was his anger. And I said, "Be reassured, when the hour comes for departure thy son, and thy son alone, shall cleave unto thee." And his anger was calmed and he returned unto his wife.

And at the close of the day I did'st limp from the Temple of Cares unto the house of rest. And as an eagle stirreth up her nest so I did settle into bed to sleep the sleep of the sinful.

O.R. TECHNIQUE

O goody! We "Saturday clean" today.
 Isn't it fun! Such zip, such zest, hooray!
 It's Friday you know—but do you know
 That no one "Friday cleans" today?
 You see—Saturday comes tomorrow.
 But this is Friday, and much to our sorrow,
 We "Saturday clean" on Friday. Now is it clear
 That no one "Friday cleans" today, up here?
 Start with the walls, or start with the ceiling,
 Scrub with good cheer—scrub with real feeling—
 Scrub in the corners, and scrub out the dust,
 For you **MUST** "Saturday clean" on Friday—or bust!
 Finished already? H-m! Let's see if you are—
 Now those cupboards—did you wash all the bottles, polish each jar?
 And here is the goo-pot not cleaned nor yet put away;
 Don't you realize goo-pots, too, should be "Saturday cleaned" today?
 Oh, yes, about the office—we have a slight deviation,
 We "Saturday clean" there on Sunday, now why the vexation?
 Oh on Saturday what do we do you say?
 Why, our Saturday cleaning—oh joyful day!

—S.MacKay.

"What's worrying you, Martin?" asked Patton.

"I was wonderin' if Dad would see to the milkin' while we're on our honeymoon," replied Martin, "supposin' you said 'Yes' if I asked you to marry me."

Overheard in Maternity—"I would have come socner, darling, but I wanted to make sure this wasn't contagious."

Miss Connal (taking the probationers around the wards)—
"—and this is what we call a patient."

A patient in the asylum was trying to knock a nail into the wall, but he had the head of the nail against the wood and was hammering the point. At length, he threw down the nail in disgust, and said: "Bah, idiots. They gave me a nail with the head at the wrong end."

Another inmate who had been watching him, began to laugh. "It's you what's the idiot," he said.

"Why?"

The other man jerked his thumb at the opposite wall. "Nail was made for the other side of room," he said.

—A. Albers.

"May I have the afternoon off to go shopping with my wife?"

"No."

"Thanks."

Doctor (in O.R.)—"This patient swallowed a quarter—and remember, finders keepers."

Teacher—"Give me a sentence using integrate."

Pupil—"I was too young in 1914 to participate integrate war."

"Hello, old man, I haven't seen you for some time."

"I've been in bed for seven weeks."

"That's too bad. Flu', I suppose?"

"Yes, and crashed."



Fair, Could Be Warmer.

"You are the sunshine of my life, darling."

"Oh, Dave!"

"You reign alone in my heart——"

"Oh, Dave!"

"With you at my side I could weather any storm——"

"Excuse me, Dave, but is this a proposal or a weather report?"



Dr. Wright still thinks we should have steering wheels on the carriers in Mat. so that the babies could steer themselves.



"I just shot a dog."

"Was he mad?"

"Well, he wasn't too pleased."



Blackie—"Is the man dangerously wounded?"

Richmond—"Two of the wounds are fatal, but the other one isn't so bad."



Pearson—"Run upstairs and get my watch."

Newberry—"Wait awhile and it will run down."

Pearson—"No, it won't. That's a winding staircase."



Doctor Bouck—"Do you talk in your sleep?"

Miss Connal—"No, just in other peoples."

Doctor—"All you need is a little sun and air."

Hutchison—"But I'm not married!"



You're pictures will cost \$80.00 a dozen — look pleasant please.



A woman can be awfully sweet when she wants, too.



'Flu', we read some place, is both positive and negative. Sometimes the eyes have it, sometimes the nose.



"What did the hypo say to the arm?

"I hope this is not in vein!"

—Contribution by Ken Penley, on behalf of the
Drug Room Staff.



Back in the good old days of carefree ocean travel, a steward stood at the gangway of a big liner, and as he stood there he kept shouting for the benefit of the arriving passengers:

"First class to the right! Second to the left!"

A young woman stepped daintily aboard with a baby in her arms, as she hesitated before the steward he bent over her and said, in his chivalorous way: "First or second mam?"

"Oh!" said the girl, her face as red as a rose. "Oh, dear, neither—I'm only the nurse!"



Authority—That which makes some men grow, while it makes others swell.

Perseverance—Ability to stick to a job you are not stuck on.

Prejudice—Being down on anything you are not up to.

Huddle in Room 1—"Jones gives the anaesthetic, McGoon passes the scalpel to Hinkle, Mulch watches his pulse, Truffle handles the clips, Clancy will be ready with the sutures, and I'll look after the bill!!"

A red-haired boy applied for a job in a butcher shop. "How much will you give me?"

"Three dollars a week; but what can you do to make yourself useful around a butcher shop?"

"Anything."

"Well, be specific, can you dress a chicken?"

"Not on \$3.00 a week," said the boy.

But have you ever considered that people who live in glass houses should not?

According to the legend, a fire was raging in a de-luxe apartment building. With a cry of despair a frantic mother broke through a ring of onlookers.

"Oh, fireman," she implored, "Save my precious daughter."

"Lady," replied the smoke-eater, "I'm a fireman, not an evangelist."

She's the California bungalow type—all modern improvements, but no heat.

Don—"Sir, may I have your daughter for my wife?"

Mr. Milnes—"Bring your wife around, and we'll see."

Hotel Clerk—"Have you a reservation?"

Farewell—"Do I look like an Indian?"



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"That's the spirit," cried Miss Anderson, as the table began to rise.



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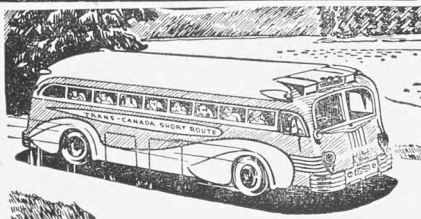
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"Whose game?" he asked.

A shy young thing sitting next to him looked up hopefully. "I am," she replied.

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